

Anger Script  
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Video Production

VIDEO:

AUDIO:

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E.L.S.  
Xander walking down a sidewalk  
holding a mirror.

*Outside sounds heard (birds, cars,  
footsteps)*

Xander stops in the middle of sidewalk  
and holds up the mirror.

*Abrupt cello solo plays*

M.S. through mirror  
Xander looks at himself in the  
mirror and smiles affectionately.

L.S.  
Xander walks up to a tree. He  
rests the mirror on the tree.

E.C.U.s  
Xander lays down a blanket.  
He pulls out a lunch sack.  
He adjusts his glasses and looks  
towards the mirror.

M.S. through Mirror  
Xander smiling.

M.S.  
Xander smiling.

Xander looks at the mirror

Xander: What a nice day... don't you  
agree?

M.S. through mirror  
Xander smiling.

M.S.  
Xander smiles at the mirror and  
lays down.

L.S.  
Two guys approach Xander and  
the mirror.

M.S.

The guys. They start laughing and pointing at Xander.

M.S.

Xander shoots up and looks at the guys.

C.U.

Guy #1 making fun of Xander.

Guy #2 making fun of Xander.

C.U.

Xander starts to get teary eyed. He looks over at the mirror.

M.S. of mirror

Nobody appears in the mirror.

C.U.

Xander starting to cry.

M.S.

The guys walk away.

E.C.U.

Xander crying. He wipes away the tears. A minor second of calm. He gets angry. He looks at the mirror.

Xander shakes the mirror.

Xander punches the mirror repeatedly.

BLACKSCREEN

C.U.s

Xander's bloody hands

The broken mirror, bloody

Xander's strained eyes

Guy #1: Look at this loser!

Guy #2: God, is that a mirror? What? You have no friends?

Guy #1: (*imitating a crybaby*) He talks to himself to make himself feel better. Aw, does the baby need his imaginary friend?

Guy #2: Your friend left you, loser. No help, you're alone! Are you crying?

Guy #1: What a crybaby!

Guy #2: No imaginary friend to help you now, loser!

Guy #1: Or you know, actual friends!

Guy #2: Let's get out of here.

Guy #1: Bye, Loser!

Xander: Where did you go? Why did you leave me?

(*losing control*) Where did you go, huh? Why did you leave me? Why didn't you stand up for me? Huh? Why don't you help me? Why don't you help me? Why don't you help me!?

*Cello solo stops abruptly.*

*Cello solo starts again, calmer.*

M.S. of mirror

Xander looks into the broken mirror.

L.S.

Xander looks away from the mirror,  
and out. He lays down.

BLACKSCREEN

*Cello solo fades out.*